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Rain

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Rain

By Isabelle Napier

You asked me why I loved the rain. And all I said was that it was “cozy, romantic, and invigorating.” I left out so much. I love rain because of the way it makes the earth smell, and for the way it sends people scurrying into coffee shops and houses. I love rain for the way it washes out the day, like laundering it into something fresh and new. I love rain for the way it is unpredictable—it may start as a drizzle, then turn into a quiet shower, caressing the earth, and then whip up into a perfect storm, driven by lightning and thunder. Rain is never angry. Storms, even if they are fierce, are not full of hate but of passion. Rain is just the romance between the sky and the earth. In the rain, I am washed, too. With my feet on the ground, and my face towards the sky, all the love and freshness and life that is being poured down flows over me. And when I am inside, it as if the rain is singing a gentle song, making my cup of tea a little cozier, my blanket a little warmer, and my eyes a little heavier as it taps its gentle song through the window pane, lulling me to sleep. Life has never been about who you dance with in the sunshine, but who you run to in the rain. I am not looking for someone to ride with into the sunset, but someone to curl up with, head on chest, in the rain. Rain always promises something new. It’s the shift in the atmosphere between two normals. It is the clashing of of two environments, and the herald of change.

GARDENER'S ENTRYWAY
 WATERCOLOR
 TORI FOX